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Atonement

John Brown

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The frozen epidermis feels cold and numb,
 By house smooth the frozen skin of the remembered victim.
 London gushes of tropical air issue forth from my pit
 Blowing across forgotten tundra, loosening topsoil and becoming
 moist,

JOHN BROWN

Atonement

Anthracite nights in West Virginia.
 Husbands in blackface face their nocturnal performance.
 Thirty-six enter the gaping monster
 Twenty-two it spits out.
 Bituminous apologies in West Virginia.
 Widows in black dress prepare for their matinee show.
 Rivers go deeper and deeper until sunlight finally appears.
 Spring's fertile warmth feels good as I reel in my empty line.